

danny said that they were all
getting drunk on their
disability checks

i tried to imagine the scene;
one guy without an arm, this
guy with only one eye, danny
with no legs

i was thinking, i'm talking to
a man who has no legs, how
the hell can i hit up a man
who has no legs?

i don't even remember vietnam;
i'm not sure what we were
fighting for

danny doesn't either — he was
only doing what he was told
he was just a kid

and now he just wants to get drunk
and forget; glad that his government
would pay for it

i wrote his number down before i
got off the phone, thinking that
i might call him up some night
when i was good and drunk

before i hung up danny said
that they'd drink a few for me

cheers, danny — cheers.

WASHINGTON STORY

washington isn't a street here but
i feel that it
should be

walking south on speedway
(which is)
and being
(continuously)
caught up in the
aliveness of it all

with the tattoo parlor and the
girlie places and the
large cars; all with

holes in the upholstery —
they all stare at me with
my hair growing long

in the breeze as i
walk down speedway
in the sun shine

BUTTER-SCOTCH

yesterday i sat in front of the
television watching bad movies;
sucking on butter-scotch candies
that my love left for me;

last night i thought of her at work;
ice on the roads; i drank too
much and worried about this human
that i have taken to love.

when she got home i held her
close, everything was okay we
shut the door and put out the
light; made love and held each
other silently — this is what
should be; what we all need and

the taste of butter-scotch was
only a faint memory.

LAST NIGHT

at the grocery store i watched
a woman pick up one
grapefruit after
another;

squeezing each one;
nodding to herself;
putting it back and
picking up another

she had a plant; four
green bananas and a
bottle of salad
dressing in her
cart

when i wheeled into the
checkout line (sans grapefruit)